



ROD AND LINE.

When the rosy morning breaks,  
And bathes the stream in light;  
Or in the evening's placid rays—  
The twilight of the night!  
I know no sport such rapture brings  
Up to this heart of mine,  
As I list the river's murmurings,  
And ply my rod and line!

I love to hear the huntsman sound  
From cover, the red fox;  
But other sports than these are found—  
I love my shooting-box!  
And when I wish to think and dream,  
When days are long and drear,  
I seek the Calder's shady stream,  
And ply my rod and line!

Give me then my rod and line,  
By the cooling streams to ply,  
With a well-trimmed bottom-bait,  
Or an alluring fly!

MY FIRST PROPOSAL.

A TALE OF LOVE, MUD, AND ALLIGATORS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY CAPT. J. WOODRUFF.

WERE you ever down on the Red River, in Arkansas, reader? If not, all the "elephants" that you've seen lacked the ivory. My first experience there was pleasant—I may say quite pleasant. I may detail it for you, perhaps, one of these days. It occurred in consequence of an advertisement for an editor for the *Alexandria Gazette*, on the Red River, stating, as an inducement, that the salary was large, pistols, ammunition and bowie knives provided, and only six editors had been killed in the previous five months.

Whether I accepted the situation or not, has, however, nothing to do with this story. But it was only a few weeks after that advertisement met my eyes, that the same eyes were blessed with a first "sight" at Clara Burton. And as a first sight almost always brings a dead shot, so I got a plumper right into my heart when I saw her.

The glossiest of curls danced about the rosiest of cheeks, and down upon shoulders as white as magnolia leaves; the most kissable of rubicund lips opened to reveal the pearllest teeth—her eyes twinkled like dew-drops on a sunny June morning, while her voice sounded like the cooing of a dove when it answers its mate; her form was plump, yet fairy-like in its proportions—her dear little foot, encased in a galter boot, was annexed to a faultless ancle; in short, and in brief, Clara was a beauty and "nothing shorter."

She was the life of a ball room, the queen of the parlor, and on horseback—why, Sir Walter Scott's "Di Vernon" would have wilted before her. Fond of equestrian pleasure as I was, it need not be wondered at that I often volunteered to accompany Miss Clara on her rides, and, hunter born and bred as I am, it need not be thought strange that I should frequently take a six shooting rifle along, the more especially as our rides were through a "game" country, in the literal sense of the word. Many a fat buck and many a prime turkey fell before my unerring aim in these rides, even though my hand trembled the more that she was by my side, and many a pretty dove bounded away in safety because Clara asked for its life. Ah, Clara! Clara! how could you be false to one who loved you so?

One day, how well I remember it, Clara and myself took a long, wild gallop away up along the banks of the Red River, and only paused when we reached a deep and sluggish bayou which extended up from the river some ways, and here in the shade of some tall magnolias we dismounted, so as to rest our horses, which had come at full speed for miles. Like most of the bayous in that section, this was full of alligators, which lay lazily snoozing here and there upon the water, some of them half out on the oozy banks where they could find a sunny spot to "lay off" in, like a Wall street broker watching for a streak of luck in the wake of a crisis. Across this bayou to the opposite shore a most dangerous bridge extended, at least a perilous one to an inexperienced foot, for it was a long and slender pine, nearly branchless, which had been toppled over by some hurricane.

"What'll you wager, Captain, that I dare not cross on that pole?" said Clara, as she glanced at the slender tree. "I'll wager all that I possess that you'll not make the attempt in my presence!" I replied. "It would be as foolish as it is dangerous!"

"Then the more pleasure for me!" she cried, starting up from the mossy bank where she had reclined. "For Heaven's sake, stop, Miss Clara!" I cried. "Just look at the alligators in the water!"

"Wouldn't I create a sensation among them!" she cried, with a silvery laugh, and before I could prevent it, she was on the fallen tree and advancing.

My heart was fairly in my mouth now, for I did not dare to speak to her—the slightest nervousness or misstep would be sure to have precipitated her down to the dark waters where the great, ravenous, fresh-water sharks lay, looking at her with eager eyes, perchance fancying what a delicious morsel she would make. But grasping my oft-tried rifle in my hand, I advanced to the edge of the bank and almost breathlessly watched her progress. All went very well—her step as free and firm as it had been upon the flowery sod, until she had reached a point about two-thirds of the way across. Then the crackling of some of the top branches on the other shore caused the tree to waver and settle. She became alarmed, lost her self-possession, and the next instant, with a wild scream of terror, losing her balance, she fell into the water.

I had been scared before, had been some troubled when I was surrounded by over twenty yelping Camanches, and had to fight my way out alone, or die in my tracks; but was never quite so much "put out" as now. I was in the act of springing into the water to her rescue, when I saw that drowning was the least danger which menaced her. Several of the huge, hideous alligators were moving towards her with open jaws, for her clothing prevented her from sinking instantly. I had no time to lose. In a second my rifle was at my shoulder, and a ball from its muzzle penetrated the eye of the nearest monster. But scarce had it plunged down into the foaming waters, when another was almost upon her. Another bullet from my rifle and it, with a horrible bellow, went down. Another and another followed in quick succession until the water was red with blood, and lashed into foam by the wounded monsters, and worst of all, my last charge was expended, and there was no time to reload.

Clara had ceased to scream, but she was now sinking, for her clothes had become saturated, and no longer served to buoy her up. One glance at her sweet, pale face, and her imploring eyes, decided me to go in, and either save or perish with her. So I threw down my rifle, loosened the bowie in my belt, and rushing out upon the tree, plunged into the water by her side.

Fortunately for us both, my heavy weight brought the tree down to the water, and when I rose and clasped her by the waist, it was within my reach. Fortunately I may say indeed, for the water was now fairly alive with the hideous creatures, which, maddened with the smell of blood, made the forest echo with their dismal howlings. How I got her up on the fallen tree, and how I clambered after her, or how we reached the bank, and there, covered with blood and slimy mud, sunk exhausted upon the earth, is more than I am able to tell, or ever fully to comprehend.

But there we were, full ten miles from home, in a pretty condition to "see company." Both of our horses gone, for they had broken their bridles and fled, terrified almost to death by the hideous noises which they had heard.

And the first thing which that witch of a girl did while we lay there, was to burst out in a fit of laughter. "Didn't I create a sensation among those alligators?" she asked.

"I think this is no time for joking, Miss Clara," said I, half angry at her levity. "You have escaped from the very jaws of death!"

"From the jaws of the alligators, you mean!" she cried, with another laugh. "What a figure you are, Captain; you look as if you had been swimming through a battle!" "If my appearance displeases you, Miss Clara, I hope you will excuse my further attendance," said I, now as completely riled as the bayou was, and I started up to leave.

"Forgive me, Captain," she cried, and a sad look usurped the smile on her pretty face. "I'm so full of fun it seems as if neither water, blood, nor mud, or even the presence of death, could dampen or chill my spirits. Forgive me, dear Captain. I shall never forget that you have saved my life—never, never!"

Did I forgive her? Did a donkey ever refuse hay, or a born toper turn away from a julep? I did forgive her! More than that, I knelt down there on that flowery sod, in all the glory of my muddy habiliments, and swore that I loved her harder than a mustang could kick, swore that I would live for her, or die for her—angel that she was! And she—she—what do you think she said, while there I knelt, and held her little hand in mine?

That she reciprocated my passion? No, sir! she didn't do any such thing! She only said—"Captain, couldn't you say it better if you had dry breeches on?"

I caved! What I should have done, at having my first proposal "cut down" in this manner, I know not; but just then a darkie hove in view, who had caught our runaway horses, and the sight of that nigger saved me from any immediate act of desperation.

We remounted, and I escorted the lady back to town, in a humor in accordance with my condition.

Just a month after that I received an invitation to attend Clara's wedding with Ketchmedad Muddi-Breeches, a mongrel Creole, half French and half Indian, who wasn't fit to carry curl papers for her hair when compared to me. But who can account for a woman's taste? Who?

EVELINA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL IRISH.

It was on the white hawthorn, on the brow of the valley, that I saw the rising of the day first break; the young, the soft, the gay, the delightful morning. It kissed the crimson of the rose, mixed with her smiles, and laughed the season on us!

Rise, too, my Evelina! Thou soul that informest my heart. More lovely than the morning in her blushes, more modest than the rifled rose when weeping in her dew. Pride of the Western shores!

The sky's blue face, when cleared by dancing sunbeams, looks not sener than thy countenance. The richness of the wild honey is on thy lips, and thy breath exhales sweets like the apple blossom.

Black are thy locks, my Evelina, and polished as the raven's smooth pinions. The swan's silvery down is not fairer than thy neck; and the witch of Love heaves all her enchantments from thy bosom!

Rise, my Evelina. The sprightly beam of the Sun descends to kiss thee, without enmity to me; and the heath reserves its blossoms to greet thee with their odor.

For thee, thy timid lover will gather strawberries on the side of the awfully lofty rock. For thee, too, he will rob the hazel of its autumn pride, the sweetness of whose kernel thou far exceedest.

Let my berries be as red as thy lips; and my nuts ripe, yet milky as the love-begotten fluid in thy bridal bosom. Queen of the cheerful smile, shall I not meet thee in the moss-grown cave, and press to my heart all thy beauties, in the wood of Miscother?

How long wilt thou leave me, Evelina, mournful as the lone son of the rock, telling thy beauties to the passing gale, and pouring out my complaints to the grey stone of the valley?

Ah! dost thou not hear my songs, O virgin; thou who should be the tender daughter of a meek-eyed mother? Whenever thou comest, Evelina, thy approach is like that of Summer to the children of frost; and welcome, with rapture, are thy steps to my view, as the harbingers of light to the eye of darkness!

Then haste back to the fond shed of thy lover. Renew his hopes by thy return, and bring peace to his heart and to his head by thy presence.

Without thee, the mid-day splendor is nought but gloom, and even pleasure is tinged with the hue of sorrow. Without thee, life is as joyless as the tomb, and the gay features and charming countenance of the season are wholly overcast with sadness!

THE BURIED ALIVE.

PERHAPS none of you have ever met with a more extraordinary adventure than what I have now to relate. It happened to myself—I do not therefore ask or expect you to believe it; nor can the feelings with which I was affected be imagined without experiencing the impression of the same awful circumstances.

I had been for some time ill of a low and lingering fever. My strength gradually wasted, but the sense of life seemed to become more and more acute as my corporeal powers became weaker. I could see by the looks of the doctor that he despaired of my recovery; and the soft and whispering sorrow of my friends taught me that I had nothing to hope.

One day towards the evening the crisis took place. I was seized with a strange and indescribable quivering, a rushing sound was in my ears—I saw around my couch innumerable strange faces; they were bright and visionary, and without bodies. There was light and solemnity, and I tried to move, but could not. For a short time a terrible confusion overwhelmed me, and when it passed off, all my recollection returned with the most perfect distinctness, but the power of motion had departed. I heard the sound of weeping at my pillow, and the voice of the nurse say "he is dead." I cannot describe what I felt at these words. I exerted my utmost power of volition to stir myself, but I could not move even an eyelid. After a short pause, my friend drew near, and sobbing and convulsed with grief, drew his hand over my face, and closed my eyes. The world was then darkened, but I could still hear, and feel and suffer.

When my eyes were closed, I heard by the attendants that my friend had left the room, and I soon after found the undertakers were preparing to habit me in the garments of the grave. Their thoughtlessness was more awful than the grief of my friends. They laughed at one another as they turned me from side to side, and treated what they believed a corpse, with the most appalling ribaldry.

When they had laid me out, these wretches retired, and the degraded formality of affected mourning commenced. For three days a number of friends called to see me. I heard them, in low accents, speak of what I was; and more than one touched me with his finger. On the third day some of them talked of the smell of corruption in the room.

The coffin was procured—I was lifted and laid in—my friend placed my head on what was deemed its last pillow, and I felt his tears drop on my face.

When all who had any peculiar interest in me had for a short time looked at me in my coffin, I heard them retire; and the undertakers' men placed the lid on the coffin, and screwed it down. There were two of them present—one had occasion to go away before the task was done. I heard the fellow who was left, begin to whistle as he turned the screw-nails; but he checked himself, and completed the work in silence.

I was then left alone; every one shunned the room. I knew, however, that I was not yet buried; and though darkened and motionless, I had still hope; but this was not permitted long. The day of interment arrived—I felt the coffin lifted and borne away—I heard and felt it placed in the hearse. There was a crowd of people around; some of them spoke sorrowfully of me. The hearse began to move—I knew that it carried me to the grave. It halted, and the coffin was taken out—I felt myself carried on the shoulders of men, by the inequality of the motion. A pause ensued—I heard the cords of the coffin moved—I felt it swing as dependent by them—it was lowered and rested on the bottom of the grave. The cords were dropped upon the lid—I heard them fall. Dreadful was the effort I then made to exert the power of action, but my whole frame was immovable.

Soon after, a few handfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin. Then there was another pause—after which the shovel was employed, and the sound of the rattling mould, as it covered me, was far more tremendous than thunder. But I could make no effort. The sound gradually became less and less, and by a surging reverberation of the coffin, I knew that the grave was filled up, and that the sexton was treading in the earth, slapping the grave with the flat of his spade. This too ceased, and then all was silent.

I had no means of knowing the lapse of time; and the silence continued. This is death, thought I, and I am doomed to remain in the earth till the resurrection. Presently the body will fall into corruption, and the epicurean worm, that is only satisfied with the flesh of man, will come to partake of the banquet that has been prepared for him with so much solicitude and care. In the contemplation of this hideous thought, I heard a low and under sound in the earth over me, and I fancied that the worms and the reptiles of death were coming—that the mole and the rat of the grave would soon be upon me. The sound continued to grow louder and nearer. Can it be possible, I thought, that my friends suspect they have buried me too soon? The hope was truly like light bursting through the gloom of death.

The sound ceased, and presently I felt the hands of some dreadful being working about my throat. They dragged me out of the coffin by the head. I felt again the living air, but it was piercingly cold; and I was carried swiftly away—I thought to judgment, perhaps perdition.

When borne to some distance, I was then thrown down like a clod—it was not upon the ground. A moment after, I found myself in a carriage; and, by the interchange of two or three brief sentences, I discovered that I was in the hands of two of those robbers who live by plundering the grave, and selling the bodies of parents, and children, and friends. One of the men sang snatches and scraps of obscene songs, as the cart rattled over the pavement of the streets.

When I halted, I was lifted out, and I soon perceived, by the closeness of the air, and the change of temperature, that I was carried into a room, and being rudely stripped of my shroud, was placed naked on a table. By the conversation of the two fellows with the servant who admitted them, I learnt that I was that night to be dissected. My eyes were still shut, I saw nothing; but in a short time I heard, by the bustle in the room, that the students of anatomy were assembling. Some of them came round the table and examined me minutely. They were pleased to find that so good a subject had been procured. The demonstrator himself at last came in.

Previous to beginning the dissection, he proposed to try on me some galvanic experiment—and an apparatus was arranged for that purpose. The first shock vibrated through all my nerves; they rang and jangled like the strings of a harp. The students expressed their admiration at the convulsive effect. The second shock threw my eyes open, and the first person I saw was the doctor who attended me. But still I was as dead; I could, however, discover among the students the faces of many with whom I was familiar; and when my eyes were opened, I heard my name pronounced by several of the students, with an

accent of awe and compassion, and a wish that it had been some other subject.

When they had satisfied themselves with the galvanic phenomena, the demonstrator took the knife, and pierced me on the bosom with the point. I felt a dreadful crackling, as it were, through my whole frame—a convulsive shuddering instantly followed, and a shriek of horror rose from all present. The ice of death was broken up—my trance ended. The utmost exertions were made to restore me, and in the course of an hour I was in the full possession of all my faculties.

THE KING'S CHAMPION IN IRELAND.

THE following historical narrative of the De Courcy's Barons of Kinsale, has a romantic air of the days of ancient chivalry, which renders it interesting, independent of its curiosity as an historical fact.

At Kinsale, which is a romantic spot in the county of Cork, in Ireland, resided, in great seclusion, a nobleman, and his family, dear to antiquity, and to the historian, and revered by their country, yet as little known to the modern peerage as if their family honors had been without the distinguished origin they possess.

John Courcy, of the kingdom of Ireland, was, in the reign of Henry the Second, created Lord Kinsale, Baron of Courcy, and Baron of Ringstone, at so remote a date as the year 1181.

In those barbarous days the fate of kingdoms was often decided by single combat—Kings entertained Champions, and to excel in tilt and tournament was the ambition of nobles and of princes.

During the reign of Henry the Second some difference broke out between the Courts of England and of France. Here the historian is wanting, and we can only say that, to demand satisfaction, a French Champion arrived in London.

The far-famed prowess of this hero of the lance and plume spread an unusual terror; the English people were panic-stricken, and the alarm of the court was not only increased by this panic, but by the difficulty of providing a person to meet the challenger. England had no "St. George" to encounter this Hector of France.

The dilemma in which the court found itself, having transpired, the challenger lost all respect for the country, and the heart of Henry was agonized at the insolence of his exultation.

Whilst France and her "champion" chuckled at England's embarrassment, one of the nobles of Henry recollected that a person of the name of Courcy, who resided in Ireland, was reputed of amazing courage and strength, and of infinite skill, both at the lance and the sword. He hastened to his royal master with the suggestion; the matter was proposed and discussed in council, and more for curiosity than from expectation, Courcy was sent for.

Shortly after, without knowing for what he was summoned, he arrived at the palace of Henry, in his native habiliments, without heraldic bearings or retinue, John Courcy, of Kinsale—a man endowed by nature, with a fine athletic person, and a noble and commanding countenance.

When the matter was moved to him, with a modest cautiousness, he requested to see the hero of France, who was accordingly introduced to him, bedecked with all the splendor of his court, forming a singular contrast to the plainness of his proposed antagonist. The Frenchman conducted himself with an insidious hauteur; the Irishman with the most intimidating indifference. Each took the other's dimensions, and the parties adjourned "for further consultation."

When Courcy was asked in confidence if he would choose to accept the challenge, he declined giving an answer until he should procure from his home—a certain sword.

Some ominous insinuations about this "sword" excited so great a curiosity, that the King sent for it forthwith; meanwhile Courcy remained at the palace of Henry, entertained with all due respect.

At length arrived this sword of expectation; it was to all appearance no more than the unornamented simple sword of a warrior.

The moment the talismanic weapon was presented to its owner, he requested that an immense block of wood should be placed in the tilt yard, and that the Champion of France should be summoned forthwith; both of which were accordingly done.

As before, the Knight of Gaul could scarcely forbear rudeness and ridicule, while the Hibernian was as before, polite, reserved, and composed.

Expectation was now apart to see the mystical preparations of Courcy unriddled. When all was arranged and silent, he drew his sword from the scabbard, and with one tremendous blow, he wedged it into the block like a thunder bolt. "The man," said he, looking significantly on the King, "the man," said he, "who shall with one hand draw out that sword, I will acknowledge as conqueror." Then turning to the Champion of France, politely requested him to hand him his sword. The boaster was confounded—stammered—stepped forward to the block—retreated—a laugh broke forth from the auditory—all cried—"Draw forth the sword." Overwhelmed with shame and confusion, the glittering knight not only declined to do so, but declined a single combat with "John De Courcy."

An universal shout of joy and exultation rent the square. "John De Courcy" was declared to be the Champion of England.

When the submission of the foreigner was complete, for the gratification of his curiosity, he did attempt with one hand to extricate the blade from the block. He might as easily have drawn the poles through the earth; but to his consternation and amazement, and to the delight and astonishment of Henry and his nobles, "De Courcy" drew it out with as much ease as he had drawn it from his scabbard.

The grateful Monarch instantly conferred upon this "Champion of England," the title of "Baron of Kinsale," and bid him name the reward that should be appended to his dignity; when, singular as true, this most extraordinary man, with that romantic disinterestedness which is so often injurious to his countrymen, claimed, instead of pecuniary compensation, to be distinguished above other Noblemen. He claimed permission that the De Courcys should wear their hats in the King's presence, which was granted, and which is still enjoyed by the family.

In proportion as this noble-minded man was proud and generous, Henry was liberal and condescending. His munificence was not to be counteracted by the too delicate pride of his amiable subject. On the departure of Lord Kinsale, His Majesty, in private conference commanded him, when he should arrive at his home, to mount his horse some morning at sunrise, and gave the royal promise, that, "So much land as he could ride around before sunset, should be the estate of the Baron of Kinsale, and his heirs."

When the Baron returned, conformably to the King's command, he did mount his horse, at sunrise, on a certain



day, for the purpose of measuring an estate; but, alas! too noble to be mercenary, and too convivial to be provident, he stopped at the house of a friend—staid to dine—and, instead of thinking of acres and of watching the sand of time, chatted over the bottle till darkness told him that the sun, and the fortune of De Courcy, had set together.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. S.—"A belt that a cent of the old issue of the U. S. M. M. measures more than an inch in diameter, (having measured it.) and B knows nothing of the exact measurement of the cent. If the cent measures more than an inch, does A win the bet, or does the fact of his having measured the cent, making the bet on his part a certainty, lose him the bet. The cent was not measured by A with any view to bet on the subject?..... Where one party has equal facilities with another for getting at a fact, the old idea that 'a person betting on a certainty loses,' does not avail. In the case in question, B had an equal chance with A for ascertaining the measurement of the cent, and as he seems to have made the bet understandingly, he must pay the shot. A wins. The 'betting on a certainty' dodge is exploded.

G. F. G., New York.—"A. and C. play a three handed game of billiards; A has two points to go; C has four; and A has ten. A takes a shot, and scores twelve, which puts him out; but he still keeps on playing, while he counts. On the last shot he goes into the pocket, and B claims that that puts him out, too. Was B right or wrong?..... B was wrong. There is no rule, of course governing such a contingency, but if such a mode of play were allowed, it would open the road for unfair playing. As A might do such a thing purposely. Furthermore, A was only playing to leave the table, and no matter what he scored, they could not be counted for him; therefore counts against him should be treated in the same manner.

H. S.—"I have bet a man five dollars, that Mr. Sothorn does not take two characters in 'Our American Cousin' at home; viz. Lord Dunderbary and Sam Keesey; through the entire play. Please state which has won. I say it is impossible to change either, wig, whiskers, and mustache in the time he takes to do it in."..... You lose the bet. Mr. Sothorn personates both characters throughout the piece. There is a certain way of making quick changes which is only known to the initiated. It seems almost impossible that Mr. Sothorn could assume the two characters in such quick time, but he does it, nevertheless.

J. BENTON.—"I have met all bona fide challengers, no matter where they had from, nor what their weight may be. He is not obliged to leave England, however, to meet any of his competitors. 2. The belt must be held three years before it becomes the property of the holder. One battle every six months is all that he is compelled to fight, when challengers appear to compete for the belt.

FORTY FIVE, Allegheny City, Pa.—"In playing at forty-five, spades being trumps, can a player having no trumps, 'reck' the queen of hearts to the ace of clubs, the queen being the only heart in his hand?..... No. It was a palpable 'rally,' and he should have played his queen.

SUNSHINE, Aurora.—There are several treatises on the treatment and cure of diseases in dogs, but we know of no work on the subject of training a dog for fighting purposes.

BURMAN, Philadelphia.—We have not seen such a photograph, but one may have been published. Address, as per advertisement in our theatrical department.

SIX COON, Carrollton.—You will find a treatise on training in our 'Championship Clipper,' published in the spring of 1860. Your friend's time is very fast.

GRIFIN, Rochester.—1. There is no 'Guide to the Mirel Profession,' published. 2. It would not be etiquette to address her unless you had previously received a formal introduction.

READER, Millbury, Mass.—You will find the information sought for in the 'Family Gymnasium,' published by Fowler & Wells, 363 Broadway.

ART DEATER, Danville, Pa.—1. The passage has been made from Boston in about thirteen days. 2. You can procure one at Brady's in Broadway.

NEW BOWERY.—The biography of Tyrone Powers will appear in regular order, according to the manner in which they are sent in by the author.

F. L. L.—1. They last performed here in the fall of 1859. 2. Salaries vary, according to the abilities or personal attractions of the singer or dancer; they range from six dollars up to fifty.

LIFE.—Mr. Forrest has not performed in Boston for more than four years.

OLD DAVEY, Chicago.—Tom Sayers came into possession of the belt after he defeated the Tipton Sasher, June 16, 1857.

W. H. S.—1. We have not heard from Frank Converse in several months. 2. Uesworth and Eugene have gone to England.

J. S. Fort Cascades, Wash. Terr.—Money received, and have forwarded you a copy of the rules in a paper.

YOUNG AMERICA, Westport, Mass.—Your letter came too late to do of service.

O. Philad.—It was first fought for by Sayers and the Sasher, the latter being defeated.

BUFFY, Baltimore.—"A fall," which consists of three of equal value, and one single pair, beats a "dash."

T. D. Buffalo.—Neither John Morrissey or John C. Heenan are in the city.

G. G. F., Washington, D. C.—See our city summary. All closed but Laura Keane's.

A. T. R., Chillicothe, O.—Gone in, long since.

JOHN C. HEENAN.—Another letter for you.

### THE LATE PRIZE FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

In last week's CLIPPER, in advance of all other papers in this country, we gave a full report of the fight for the championship of England, between Mace and Hurst. In this issue, we give another report from another source, so that our readers may have every particular connected with this somewhat remarkable battle. Hurst, better known as the Staleybridge Infant, is the individual who challenged John C. Heenan, in England, just after the 'Boy' had been so basely defrauded out of his rights in his contest with Tom Sayers. Heenan, it appears, had a better idea of the abilities of this giant than most people gave him credit for having, and refused to have anything to do with him; he told us, after his arrival here, that the infant was too clumsy ever to make any pretensions to pugilism, and he asserted that it would turn out so before long. His words have proved correct, for a worse 'fighter' than Hurst it would be hard to score up. Why, even his wrestling qualities, for which he was noted in the section of country from which he hails, seems to have been greatly exaggerated, for Mace was not behind him even in this particular. The infant is an infant indeed, in suffering a man of Mace's dimensions to bring him to such a pitiable condition as he presented at the close of the fight. This is the man who had the assurance to aspire to the championship of England. This is the man who was to fight John C. Heenan, the American champion, who had beaten Tom Sayers to a stand still. Of a verity he is a scaly representative of the British Prize Ring.

"Sore as quickly he was done for,"

"This wondered what he ever begun for."

Mace is now the champion of England, and the possessor of the original belt. It is said, we know not, however, whether on reliable authority or not, that he will not fight again for a less sum than \$2000 (\$2500). We scarcely believe this to be correct. As champion, he is obliged to fight all comers for \$200. If he refuses to fight for this sum, he relinquishes all claim to the belt and to the office, leaving it open to be fought for by those who conform to the rules by which the championship is governed. Therefore it is that we place but little faith in the assertion that he will not fight for less than \$200. This would be a bluff game that would not answer. The sum might overreach some of the pugs of England, but it can be doubled in case John C. Heenan makes another trip to England, which he has had in contemplation, one of our ways-late and always-wrong contemporaries to the contrary notwithstanding.

A great deal was said at the time of the International Match concerning the difference in the size of the men, Heenan weighing some thirty pounds more than Sayers; but notwithstanding that the disparity was still greater between Mace and Hurst—the latter weighing two hundred and seventeen pounds!—to the former's one hundred and fifty-four—very little remark has been made upon it. The reason is, an American was the opponent in the former case while in the latter both were Englishmen. Another matter worthy of remark is—in the International Match, it was almost impossible for Heenan to train, so closely was he watched, and interfered with. In the Mace and Hurst affair, neither man has been molested, each taking his exercise quietly, and meeting with no officious interference. At the ring side, it was the same; all was quiet and serene, and the battle was decided on its merits. Even after the recap was thrown up in token of defeat, there was another rally, and a commencement of hostilities; but it did not create any outside interference; neither did the referee find it convenient to leave the ring; he stuck it out bravely, and saw the whole fight. Of course there was not so much money pending on the late match as there was on

the International, and we presume the referee was on the right side on the late occasion, and knew exactly how the cat was going to jump, so that it was unnecessary for him to jump. Altogether, the two battles stand out in striking contrast, and serve to show that our "neighbors on the other side" have an eye to the "main chance," and that if it cannot be gained by fair means, it will be by foul.

We also notice that the London sporting papers are floundering with the "Thunderer," the London Times, for its "erroneous and exaggerated report" of the late match. How circumstances will alter cases! Why, in the International match, all England swore by the Times' report of that event, and no English journal questioned the correctness of that report; but now, they contend that the reporter for that journal knows nothing about a prize fight, etc., and is all astray in his reports. We believe the Times man was wrong in the late report, and we know he was sadly at fault in the International, in which little affair all England behaved very small, and acted their parts very badly.

### FOOT RACING.

THE "PLANTERS."—A few weeks since we recorded a foot race which took place on Long Island, in which several English pedestrians made their debut in this country. At the time, we spoke of the surprising manner in which these people were brought here, and how they were to be 'planted' on this 'verdant soil,' or, otherwise, how it was intended that they should very quietly take down our own pedestrians. Well, they were well received, and we presume, have so far fulfilled the conditions on which they were engaged; but the speculation, we have no hesitation in saying, has not come up to expectations, for although the attendance at the first race was not large, the number of patrons who appeared on the second occasion was very much increased, two or three hundred, probably, footing up the grand total. We see that one of these men, White, is announced in the bills, etc., as the champion of England. Champion of what? Not in mile running, for he is in the background far enough; not in ten miles, for he is still further in the rear. Now, a few years ago, a person named Jim Scaries, a pedestrian of England, was brought over here as the "champion walker," but we soon put the fellow in his true light, and he was glad enough to get home again. The imposition was too palpable. To fair and square operators we will give our assistance, but not to breaking impositions or underhanded speculations. We will protect the public as we always have done, against such knavery. The public not being acquainted with the modus operandi of getting up sporting matches on the half shell, naturally take for granted all that the bills and advertisements for such affairs promise. Jackson, the American Deer, when in this country, had things pretty much his own way, for there was no journal to "head him;" he made lots of soap, but not all of it on the square, by a long shot. Some of his racing events were conducted on the "dead bat" plan, and many of our citizens were dead beat out of their money. We wish to guard against a renewal of such things, in case they should be attempted by our own people, or by those from abroad. There is no event that can be paid off so nicely as a foot race. When the parties are in together for a beat, they can make a very close, interesting, and exciting race, and make it appear as a *tena fide*, square thing. Foot racing is a dangerous business to speculate in, for crosses and double crosses are sometimes practiced, and it is very hard to say where the joker really is. A case in point occurred here a few years since. A match had been made between two fast runners for a mile foot race, for \$500 a side. One of the parties, a little man, was very fast at running a mile; the other, a tall one, was equally fast, but at shorter distances; so it was settled among the "knowing ones" that it was the little man's race, and he ruled as the favorite. A few days after making the match, the little man received a note that Mr. S. and so, backer of the big man, wanted to see him. He called at the place appointed, and had an interview with the backer, the result of which was that the runner was offered \$300 to lose the race, he accepted, and received \$100 cash in hand, and a note for the balance, and thereupon took his departure. The backer of the big man apparently had a "nice thing of it," and a few of his friends were let into it, that they, too, might "make a little." In the mean time, the backer of the little man had invested nearly all he was worth on the success of his man, knowing his abilities in a dash of a single mile. Well, our little man, with the purchase money in his pocket, felt big in his boots, but "conscience makes cowards of us all," and so it acted with him. He knew his backer had invested heavily on him, and he also knew that he would be a ruined man if he lost the race. So he determined to make a "double cross" of it. He sought out his backer, and revealed to him the plot made to throw him, and to lose the race. His eyes shot fire when he heard the startling news, and he determined to circumvent his foe. The little man and his backer conspired, and the former vowed that he could, and would win the race, which he had been paid to lose. The day for the contest approached—the betting was quite lively, and the "purchaser" and his few "trusty friends" were doing a thriving business, for they took all the bets they found floating about, and they were plenty, for the little man was the favorite. All had "got on" quite extensively, and the pot was kept boiling. Well, the day of the race came round, and there was a pretty fair attendance on the track, one of those on Long Island. You never saw a better satisfied crowd; both parties appeared in the best of spirits, for both, you know, had a "dead sure thing" of it. The little man's friends had wagered all the money they could raise; the big man's attacks had a longer purse, however, and continued to offer chances. Just before they started, Yankee Sullivan tried to get on \$350 on the big man's winning, but no one accepted, and he put the money in his pocket again. The men were called to the score, and got the word to go. They did go, and for the first quarter made a splendid race; now the little man began to edge ahead a little; the other thought he was going a "little too fast," but he kept gaining, and the big man put out his arm to grasp him, but the little man was out of his reach, and the truth at once burst upon the discomfited man and his backers. On the back stretch, the big man came to a halt, and crossed the field towards the judges' stand; the little one, in the mean time, going on with the race, having it all to himself. When the big man reached the stand, he stated to the judges that he claimed the race, on the ground that the little man knocked him down. It "wouldn't wash," however, as two men in a wagon, who had followed the race, gave evidence that it was the big man who attempted to stop the race. So the judge was up, and the little man ran in a winner. There was some cursing and quarrelling, for the losing party felt very heavily. While the reputation party were all around on the loose question, Yankee Sullivan was glad he didn't "get on" that \$350, and a few more of the privileged were sorry that they had been able to invest so much. The "role," we believe, was never presented for payment. It was a "double cross," and one that worked to a dot.

Well, such things have taken place since that event, and will take place again; so we advise our friends to be cautious. We exposed the whole thing in the CLIPPER at the time, and we are ready to expose similar impositions whenever they are attempted.

GOLD IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The recent gold discoveries in that region, have to use the language of a correspondent writing from Vancouver) set the people nearly crazy, the gold fever having reached a great height. The reported yield to each man is from \$10 to \$75 per day, and the old California miners say that as yet they are only on the outside of the mines, and anticipate still better success as they proceed. Should their success be at all commensurate with their anticipations, the miners will have a gay time during the winter, at Walla Walla, and faro, monte, and poker, will be all the rage for the time being.

THE WAR.—Matters are being pushed with a vigorous hand, and the grand army of the United States is slowly but surely hemming in the rebels and troops of rebellion. The "chivalry" of Virginia are letting their boasted courage carry them backward, instead of "forward to Washington!" Treason and rebellion are bringing about their own destruction. All hail our still triumphant Union.

HEENAN IS LONDON.—A London, Eng., correspondent informs us that, on the night previous to the battle between Mace and Hurst, it was rumored all over London that Heenan had arrived, and bets were offered that he would witness the fight.

KEEP COOL.—The steamer Croton, Capt. Jos. A. Dumont, makes daily excursions to the Flying Barks, where are immense quantities of the busy tribe anxious to be caught. To the over heated denizens of this metropolis we recommend a trip on the Croton.

### THE RECENT FOURTH.

#### ITS CELEBRATION AND ITS TEACHINGS.

On Thursday last (we write several days in advance of the date of our present issue) the people of the States still true to the Union, celebrated the eighty fourth anniversary of the great Declaration of Independence. From all accounts, it would seem that no previous anniversary of this illustrious epoch in the world's history was honored so much as the one to which it is our business to refer in this article. The outward as well as inward tokens that it was a special Fourth of July were plentiful. "More gunpowder, fireworks, and processions in the streets" is the report of a hundred cities, conveyed to us in the newspapers; "more heart-felt love for the country, and if possible a deeper resolve to maintain her national integrity" is the report of acute observers, whose testimony is such cause is worth its weight in gold.

Speaking of the manner in which the day was honored in New York, we may express our conviction that, never within our recollection of the city, did anything come up to it. In point of weather, all that could be desired, it left no excuse for even the habitual stay-at-home, whose nerves, it is affected, cannot bear the smell of gunpowder, and the cracking and whizzing of explosives, of which there was a larger amount than we remember ever to have met with before. All our chief thoroughfares were alive with people, dressed in their best; and taking our position on a corner, every minute almost brought us some interesting spectacle, valuable also on account of the historical reminiscence it conveyed, along with the proof that the day, with all its associations of the past and present, was the ruling thought of the millions. First, it was the military procession, with its gay band and beautiful colors; then a body of bay soldiers, emulating their elders in martial bearing and patriotic ardor; by and by, a veteran of the wars of 1812 and '14, arrayed in the costume of his day, would pass along, and meet on the sidewalk the young volunteer of '61. A thousand little episodes of this kind fell under our notice, and attracted groups of citizens, who could not help acknowledging the interesting nature of the occasion.

A like proof of an all-pervading patriotism was found in the fragments of conversation that fell upon the ear, go wherever we might. Even the "mighty dollar," (stray allusions to which we have heard on previous anniversaries of the Great Fourth,) was completely ignored last Thursday; and what makes the omission remarkable, and an additional evidence of higher interests being at issue, is the circumstance that we have fallen upon days when scarcity in the exchequer is an universal complaint. But New Yorkers have something still dearer to them than money, and proved it in the manner indicated.

In those parts of the republic where the secession flag has been hoisted, the displays of odors and the feelings of some of the people at least were different to what they were here. Doubtless, there was exultation with some, with hatred against their brethren, and the vain glorious anticipation of a future existence, apart from those who had formed part of the great American family. On the other hand, we are equally certain, there must have been regrets, humiliations, and gloomy forebodings. In the minds of many of these feelings, the very name of the day must have pointed to the past glories which come often as it may, it is connected with—our early struggles to be free from bondage, the mighty truths enunciated in the Declaration that issued from Independence Hall eighty-five years ago, our battles by sea and land, our triumphs civil and warlike, the condition of national grandeur achieved by us, and then the unhappy disturbance of the compact which bound the many in one. Even where the flag of secession waved the highest and the braggado of those who follow the lead of Jefferson Davis was the loudest, thoughts like these were the accompaniments of the recent Fourth; and other thoughts as well—how, if separated from the other section, for an indefinite term, disquietude, insecurity, and the thousand it is attendant on the breaking up of a mighty nationality, would be realized, so leaving no alternative save anarchy as a humiliating request for admission to a former place. As though to point out the applicability of this hypothesis, we are told of balloons hovering over Northern cities, and men from the seceders watching from the cars the outward manifestations of popular joy. This brings forcibly to our mind, the action of other secessionists, who lived many ages ago, and were wont to linger on the coarces of the great world where, co-rebellions with Satan, they had been banished. There is no record to show whether, in the latter case, any repentant spirit propitiated its way back to the place whence it had come, or, from a due knowledge of the loss entailed in its treason, brought its nearer associates to its own thought and deed. Probably, such a result occurred, and equally probable is it that thousands of seceders from the American Union, seeing what they saw on the recent Fourth, realized to the full the wickedness and folly that had been committed in this matter of attempted national partition, and told their friends, less observant than themselves, of it. If so, then will the Fourth of July, Eighty-Hundred and Sixty-One, have a claim on future homage, great as that of the Fourth of July, Seventy-Hundred and Seventy-Six—one the day that made a people free; the other, that in which a section of the same people perceived the error of their way, and amended it. So may it be!

FAST TIME.—The time made by Ward, in the scullers' race, in the 4th of July regatta, at Boston, was 13 min. 53 seconds, for the two miles, being within one second of the fastest two mile sculling time ever made, Clark, of Boston, having made the best time. Had Ward been pushed, no doubt this time would have been beaten.

WELL DONE.—New York carried off four of the prizes in the 4th of July regatta at Boston.

### CRICKET.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT HOBOKEN.—That renowned city of Jersey was, as usual, all alive on our National Holiday, and in addition to the usual amount of soldiering and powder burning by its own citizens, the ferry boats from New York transported thither thousands of people, men, women, and children, bound for the Elysian Fields and other shady retreats; and scattered here and there were companies enjoying themselves to their heart's content, in a sort of private picnic arrangement, with baskets well filled, and towards evening well emptied, while the inevitable legion quivered the thirst of many a parched throat. The base ball players were out in force, and several games were in progress simultaneously. The St. George Cricket Club had a few members on hand for practice, while on the New York Club's ground, several hundred spectators were present to witness a match between the first eleven of that club and the second eleven of the Jersey club. The match was a very interesting one, and the list of players being as follows:—Messrs. J. Higham, Sharp, Stuart, Marsh, Scudder, Sams, Crosley, Hudson, Lester, Bay, and M. C. The twenty-two, as might be supposed, had a tremendous long "tail end," nevertheless, there were some fair players among them. M. Sams, B. Lester, P. Hudson, B. Bay, G. Banks, P. Marsh, and B. Sams, being among the best. The twenty-two went in first, but none except P. Marsh could withstand the bowling of M. Sams, B. Sams, and Crosley; and after an innings of about three hours, the last wicket fell for a score of 55. The eleven were more successful, and notwithstanding that B. Sams and B. dford put to some trimmers quite often, they, aided by considerable miffy fielding, ran up their score to almost three figures, being about forty runs in advance. Higham proved the hardest nut for the twenty-two to crack, he going in second, and staying there to the last but one wicket, until driven on to his stumps by B. dford. B. dford took some of the best wickets by his hand to play left handed bowling, almost invariably by beautiful ballers on the off stump. The second innings of the twenty-two commenced more auspiciously, Messrs. Plummer, Gage, Bay, and Bixby, hitting well from the shoulder at some under-hand slow balls, but it being but one day's play, their efforts were unavailing, as the match, which was gotten up solely for amusement, was already gone. At two o'clock, P. M., all hands and their friends, including many ladies, sat down to an excellent collation spread out by Mr. Crosley and his better half, and we must do them the justice to say that we never sat down to a better repast on a cricket field. The viands were plenty and good, and we noticed that, after a good innings at them, they were considerably more polished than the bowling of the day. Perhaps one will account for the other. Taken altogether, the day in Hoboken was pleasantly and sensibly spent, and we hope it will not be the last by many that we may all meet there again.

THE LATE SATURDAY AND QUEENS COUNTY MATCH.—CARD.—To the Editor of the CLIPPER.—As is usual in such cases, having won a match of the Satellites, we sent in a report of it. Had we known, though, that our opponents were so anxious to get their version of the match before the public, we would gladly have surrendered the task of writing an account of the affair, only stipulating, however, that the truth should be adhered to, both as to the score and any remarks accompanying it. Not having been consulted in the matter, we are not responsible for the many errors that pervade the entire report set in by the Satellites. By reference to our report, you will see at once the errors in the score; but it requires a word or two to show the errors in their remarks on the game. It is intimated in a very modest manner, eminent by becoming the Satellites, that it was owing to their "magnanimity" in weakening

their eleven that they lost the match. Now, so far from their eleven being weak, it was as strong, if not stronger, than in the previous match, as proved, thus:—In the first match, out of the 43 runs made off the bat, 45 were made by five players, all of whom played in the second match; the six who played in the first but not in the second match, made only 8 runs between them, whereas, in the second match they were replaced by a first eleven player, two others, whose absence was missed in the first match, such as a great loss, and three others, who were, at least, the equal of the three whom they replaced. Moreover, their president gave as a reason for substituting some new men in place of the old ones, a desire to give all a chance to play. So much for the "magnanimity" of the "renowned" Satellites. Those who know them, know perfectly well that they would have made no change whatever that would in any degree have jeopardized their chance of winning. The "magnanimity" of the "renowned" Satellites! 'Tis really pitiful, in these hot days, to meet with anything so decidedly cold, and the next time we have the pleasure of playing the "renowned" we shall request, as a special favor to the public at large, that they send in an account of the match. If they can get up such a big report on a losing game, what can they not do on a winning one? and perhaps next time they may have the luck to win, for such luck has often befriended them before that would be strange if she did not do so again. However, we stand ready to try conclusions with them again, and perhaps, (it's just possible,) they may get here quite so much to boast of at the end of the season as they have now.

### BALL PLAY.

RESOLUTE VS. ACTIVE.—The first contest this season between these clubs, the former of Brooklyn, E. D., and the latter of New York, took place on Saturday, July 6th, on the grounds of the Resolute club, the result being a decided victory for the Brooklyn boys, it being the second they have obtained this season both being triumphs over New York clubs. The weather was just the thing for play, although a small shower of rain fell before the game was over, but it was not sufficient to interrupt its progress. The notice given of the game was not sufficient to ensure a large attendance of spectators, but still there were quite a number on the ground. The arrangements were decidedly an improvement on those of the previous match, for on this occasion police men were in attendance to preserve order among any disposed to be unruly, and a rope, extending the ground around the catcher, kept the crowd at a proper distance. At 4 P. M. the parties appeared on the ground, the Active, by their active and confident movements, preliminary to the commencement of the game, evidently feeling that a victory was easily within their grasp, and the result of the first innings of both the sides confirmed the idea, not only to their minds, but also to those of the spectators. But base ball, like cricket, is a very uncertain game, and the result of this match proved it; for the Active began with a lead of 5 to 1, and reserved the gems at its close of the 6th innings, with a score against them of 52 to 13.

The good fielding and excellent batting of the Resolute led more to this result than did any glaring misplay of their opponents, who, on several instances, gave evidence of their ability both to field and bat well. They, however, seemed to get discouraged too easily. This is something every young club should endeavor to combat as much as possible. A defeat sustained after a pucky up-hill fight for victory, is a triumph in itself just as a victory after the defeat of Fort Sumter was a triumph for its brave defenders, even in the face of its final surrender. The Active never played as effectively as when they are behindhand in the score. On the part of the Active, we noticed very good fielding, in stopping and catching balls, by Decker and Saunders; a good pitching by Simmons and Ebbetts; the latter delivered being very even and good. Stautenberg proved himself a good fielder, and the others filled their positions creditably. Van Nest and Stautenberg secured home runs by good batting, and Saunders made his 31 base by a fine hit; Walker, Ebbetts and Rogers reaching their 24 bases by good batting in one or two instances. On the part of the Resolute, Bennett again played well as catcher; Barto pitched best—he should retain that position; Sanford played well as a second base, the brothers Rogers were exceedingly active and fleet in the field positions at short and 2d base, as was Cowperthwait, on the field; and Bowie played well at 1st base.

In batting, one and all did well; but Bennett, Cowperthwait, M. Rogers, Sanford, and Barto, especially distinguished themselves, all but M. Rogers getting home runs by fine batting, and Rogers nearly did it on one occasion. The game was a long one, there being rather too much waiting at the bat; but both parties made their play by the most gentlemanly conduct throughout, and at the close of the game the Resolute hospitaly entertained the Active, in picnic style, a handsome "set out" of refreshments being provided. The umpire gave his decisions with impartiality and judgment, and though the Active returned home minus a ball, they were well content with the contest, which they had met with from the Resolute. The score is as follows:—

RESOLUTE.				ACTIVE.			
NAMES.	R.	L.	RTS.	NAMES.	R.	L.	RTS.
Cowperthwait, c. f. ....	1	4		Ebbetts 1st b. ....	1	3	
M. Rogers 2d b. ....	2	4		Van Nest 1st b. ....	2	2	
Bennett, c. ....	1	5		Decker 3d b. ....	2	2	
Adams, f. f. ....	2	4		Simmons 2d b. ....	2	1	
Sanford, p. ....	2	4		Rogers 2d b. ....	3	1	
A. Rogers, s. ....	4	2		Saunders, c. ....	1	2	
B. Rogers, s. ....	2	3		Stautenberg, s. ....	3	6	
Barto, i. f. ....	3	2		Tilton, r. f. ....	3	0	
Canfield, 3d b. ....	2	3		Walker, c. ....	1	2	
Total. ....	31			Total. ....	13		

BATTING.									
RESOLUTE IN EACH INNING.									
1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Resolute. ....	1	8	6	4	1	0	6	—	—
Active. ....	5	3	0	1	1	3	—	—	—

FIELDING.									
Fly B'd Base Total									
Fly B'd	Base	Total	Fly B'd	Base	Total	Fly B'd	Base	Total	
Cowperthwait. ....	0	2	0	0	0	Ebbetts. ....	3	0	1
M. Rogers. ....	1	0	0	1	1	Van Nest. ....	0	0	0
Bennett. ....	2	3	0	0	0	Decker. ....	0	3	1
Adams. ....	0	0	0	0	0	Simmons. ....	0	1	0
Sanford. ....	1	1	0	0	0	Rogers. ....	0	0	0
A. Rogers. ....	0	1	0	1	1	Saunders. ....	1	4	0
B. Rogers. ....	0	1	0	2	2	Stautenberg. ....	0	0	1
Barto. ....	0	1	2	2	2	Tilton. ....	0	0	0
Canfield. ....	0	1	0	1	1	Walker. ....	1	9	0
Total. ....	4	9	4	17	21	Total. ....	6	7	16

HOW PUT OUT.									
Fly B'd <sup>Base</sup> 1st 2 3rd Foul					Fly B'd <sup>Base</sup> 1st 2 3rd Foul				



## LATEST SPORTS ABROAD.

**THAT QUOTING CHAMPIONSHIP.**—The friends of George Dunning consider that the "distances" proposed by Jack Sanders, in Louis as very much like "drawing the long bow."

paused, but on the instant they again went to work. Clarke dashed out both mawleys short, when in a rally they got on the road, Clarke down.

Portsmouth, N. H. In the fall of 1855 he joined Mr. J. H. Taylor as acting and stage manager at Richmond and Petersburg, Va., which situation he retained until that gentleman declined management in the summer of 1856, playing some few weeks each summer

12.16	20	28	24
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## THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

REPRODUCED FROM  
WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,  
NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.  
NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

## Second Fight between Davy Hudson and Green.

This battle took place on Tuesday, February 27, 1821, on a Common, near the old Marks Gate, in Essex, about eleven miles from London, for 25 guineas a side. Being so near London, the toddlers were numerous in the extreme; and the road also exhibited several respectable persons shanking it, at an early hour. A few Swells graced the ring with their presence; but the majority were yokels. The top-of-the-tree folks do not like to drive through the city to a fight; in consequence of which dislike, the losing man always suffers from it. Green had been defeated a short time since by Hudson, in a barn; but his friends thought he would have a very good chance in a ring; and an amateur, much distinguished in the fancy, for his liberality in taking men by the hand, sent Green into training at his own expense, and also backed him for 25 guineas. Hudson, having made Chelmsford his place of residence, and being a bit of a favorite in that part of the world, among the sporting men, they were also anxious that Dave should again exhibit. The latter was backed by Mr. Belcher, of the Castle Tavern. It was reported Hudson was upwards of twelve stone—that he had increased so much during his training. This circumstance operated against him in the opinion of the amateurs. At one o'clock, Hudson, dressed in a white great coat, appeared, and threw his hat into the ring, attended by Oliver and his brother, Josh. Green shortly afterwards entered the ropes, with Randall and Martin. The President of the Duffies was appointed the time-keeper. 5 to 4 on Hudson. Just as the men were on the point of setting-to, a timid hare was making its way towards the ropes; but the loud shouting at this circumstance rendered the poor animal so confused, that it was almost at a stand-still with fright, when a stupid Johnny Raw threw himself upon the hare, and completely crippled it. The yokel was glad to make his escape, the crowd was so angry at his conduct.

Round 1. On stripping, Green appeared in the highest state of condition; but it was thought that Hudson was much too fat. The combatants, upon placing themselves in attitude, stood looking at each other's eyes for upwards of four minutes, without making the least offer to hit. Green appeared to put in a bow, when Hudson got away, and they dodged each other over the ring, till they made another complete stand still. Green made a hit, but Hudson parried it. Both the men seemed to be under orders, that is to say, not to go to work too quickly, as Hudson and Green were considered mischief makers. Green got away neatly; and Hudson also stopped a severe left-handed hit of Green's. The latter then put in a body blow, when Davy returned. The battle had now commenced. Green put in a facer; when Davy stood to no repairs, and tried to slaugher his opponent, till they got into a struggle, when they both went down side by side. Loud shouting from the "Over-the-water boys," the Chelmsford fasciers, and the Jews, who all united in cheering Davy for anything. This round occupied nearly fifteen minutes.

2. It's round was altogether as short. They both complimented each other upon the nob, sans ceremony, and Peppery Alcy was now the feature, till Green went down undermost. 6 to 4 on Hudson. The mouth of the latter showed clear.

3. Not quite so fast as before; and some little science was necessary. Hudson was undermost.

4. The claret was now running down from the cheek of Green. Both the combatants appeared a little distressed. In struggling, Hudson was again undermost. There were two tie rounds, but some of the spectators thought Green had the best of them.

5. Hudson took the lead gallily. Some severe exchanges took place when Green was hit down. Loud shouting; "Davy, repeat that, and it's all safe to you."

6. Hudson got away well, and nobbed Green, who followed him; but some heavy blows passed between them, till both were down.

7. This round spelt Green. The latter, with good courage, gave hit for hit with his opponent; but Davy, in flashing the round, had the best of the blows, and also threw Green, and fell so heavily upon him, that the claret gushed out of his ears and from his nose, the shock was so violent. The "Over-the-water boys" were now uproarious, and 2 and 3 to 1 were offered on Davy.

8. David fell on Green again.

9. Almost the same, as well as the best of the hitting.

10. It was really a capital fight; and Green fought like a trump. He could not, however, change the battle in his favor. Hudson dermost.

11. Green experienced another dreadful fall; and 4 to 1 against him current.

12. Hudson now endeavored to take the fight out of Green; and planted four facers in succession, till Green went staggering from the hits; but he nevertheless made several returns, till both were down.

13 and 14. In the first round, a most determined rally; but in the second, Green was hit down on his knees. "You can't lose it, Davy."

15. Hudson fell heavily on Green; and nearly knocked the wind out of him. "It's all up;" and any odds.

16. The nob of Green was so terribly punished; and the left side of his throat very much swollen. He was quite abroad, hit open-handed, and went down terribly exhausted. "Go along, Davy; it will be over in another round."

17. Green repeatedly jabbed Hudson in the face; but none of the blows were to be seen; they were not skin deep. As Green was falling from a hit, Hudson caught him in the face with a right-handed blow, that almost sent him to sleep.

18. "Look here," said Oliver, "my man has not got a mark upon his face." Green came up to the scratch very much distressed. He, however, fought like a man; and at the ropes Hudson again fell upon him, and the claret was running down in profusion. 15 to 1 was offered.

19. Green still showed fight, and put in several facers, and Hudson went away staggering from one of them; but the latter followed Green up so hard and fast, that he could not keep his legs, and went down. The poundage was here offered, but no takers. "Take him away, he has no chance."

20 and last. Green behaved like a man; and he stood up and fought in a rally till he went down quite done up. When time was called, he could not come to the scratch, and Hudson was proclaimed the conqueror. It was over in 40 minutes.

Davy, either fat or lean, out of or in condition, is not to be beaten easily. Green was not destitute of courage, and it was not a little milling that took the fight out of him. He endeavored to win while a chance remained—in fact, till he could fight no longer; but he was too slow for Hudson. It was an excellent battle; and all the amateurs expressed themselves well satisfied.

SEA BATHING AND SEA-AIR.—Dr. Hartwig has given a practical and comprehensive treatise on sea-bathing. He has had nine years' experience at Ostend, a very favorite sea-bathing place, where he has had frequent opportunities to observe its effect on patients, when in some instances a remedy has been effected, and in others, through incautious bathing have ruined their health. Undoubtedly, sea-bathing may either be the means of effecting an efficient remedy, or, if misapplied or injudiciously indulged in, its effects may be that of aggravating the patient's disease, and, in some cases, produce results of a fatal character. It is, therefore, highly essential to know what diseases may be treated in this manner, and in what cases the use of sea-bathing is likely to prove dangerous.

Dr. Hartwig describes the powerful effects upon the human frame produced by the sea-bath. It not only acts as an alterative, and removes every vitiated or useless particle from the composition of the body, but may also be considered, as in many a case, as an unequal tonic. He then proceeds to notice the particular diseases against which sea-bathing is particularly efficacious, viz., scrofula, rickets, nervous debility, nervous complaints, dyspepsia, weakness of the skin, torpidity, and paralysis, &c. He gives some practical directions as to the mode of sea-bathing, and continues, "every visitor to the sea coast must have observed bathers who, incapable of the least resolution, stand shivering in the breeze, enjoying all the time a cold foot-bath. That patients such as these, instead of feeling a refreshing glow on leaving the water, complain of a universal chill, from which they with difficulty recover, and eventually return to their homes without having derived any benefit from the sea, can surely be no matter of surprise to those who have witnessed their proceedings. It is evident that a favorable result can only be obtained by following a very different plan; by plunging repeatedly, allowing the waves to strike against the back and shoulders, and freely moving about in the water. The exertions of the bather must, however, be regulated by his strength, for while a vigorous and healthy man may swim a long time without any evil consequences, fatigue is to be studiously avoided by the patient, who comes to the coast in quest of health."

EPITAPH  
IN HERTFORD CHURCH-YARD.  
WOMAN.

Grieve not for me, my husband dear,  
I am not dead, but sleep here,  
With patience wait: prepare to die,  
And in a short time you'll come to lie.

## MAN.

I am not grieved, my dearest life,  
Sleep on, I have got another wife;  
Therefore I cannot come to thee,  
For I must go to bed to thee.

## TREATISE ON SWIMMING.

## NUMBER THREE.

The best school of all for rearing prodigents is running water, where there is a clear and shelving bottom, and a current gradually increasing from the bank to the centre. A lad learning in a smart river, has an antagonist to test his powers and educate them, as soon as he is fairly launched forth and passed as competent. To overcome a smart stream he must lie down to his work, and cannot afford to indulge in any indolent posture. Try this, and you will at once find the necessity of stretching out the whole frame close along the surface. Rivers make true swimmers; and thus it happens that the very best among us are not seamen, nor coastmen, but inlanders, athletes of the swift streams with which they have learned to measure their youthful strength. What can be a finer exercise of skill, wind, and power, than the crossing of lively pools. Not that we undervalue sea-swimming, which is a science by itself, and on which something ought to be said; but the greater buoyancy of the brine does not necessitate the same efforts in learning, nor the same husbanding of the resources, nor does it usually provide a distinct measure of power like the everflowing current.

To master the sea in its wrath is indeed a high accomplishment; by that is meant, to put out from the shore into deep water through a surf and return. This requires a collected judgment and facility in diving. The secret of it is, after getting through the first wave, which is the worst, in diving through the crest of every sea to avoid being beaten back. This is very exhausting when repeated often, but usually when the surf is heavy, the waves to be encountered are few and far apart, frequently fifty yards, so that plenty of breathing time is allowed between them. As soon as the water deepens, the waves cease to break much; and then the swimmer can turn and take his pastime, riding on his back above the tumbling billows; and exceedingly fine fun it is. But to come back again is even harder than to put out; sometimes the waves must be watched a long time before a favorable lull occurs, which the man must seize in order to come in just behind the crest of a smaller wave; and then, gaining his feet, he must flee for it, or, if overtaken, again grasp the bottom, and lie as low as possible, to avoid being thrown forward. But in any case these attempts in high seas ought not to be made where there is a coarse shingly beach; sand is much safer. Very serious blows may be given when the body is doubled up and hurled in any conceivable attitude against the beach by a toppling wave. It is wonderful how utterly powerless one feels in the grasp of such a gigantic engine as a ton or two of falling water is.

There is little doubt that a strong swimmer may get out through surfs in which no ordinary boat could life, and many a time have wrecked crews been brought off by passing a light line on board, held by the teeth of some fearless landsman, or from the wreck to the shore. In this way may the accomplishments acquired in sport among the waters be turned to the highest purposes; this makes all branches of swimming so valuable. It ought here to be mentioned that perhaps the chief danger of bathing in surfs arises not from the force of the waves but from the accumulation of foam on the surface, which is too light to support the body, but substantial enough to choke the breath. The eye will easily discern when this is the case before venturing out.

After all, sea-bathing is very inferior in resources to good river privileges, though its salubrious effects are undoubtedly finer. Thus, it is seldom that the sea can be entered from the bank by jumping into it. Jumping here means, of course, taking a header—the only legitimate method of saluting the watery gods—and a running header, which is the header in perfection, can scarcely occur at all in salt water. This was to be the second division of our treatise, and so here follows—

THE HEADER.—No part of the initiated aquatic's pleasure is more delightful, and none of his accomplishments more scientific than his header. And, in truth, it is very beautiful to see a man with outstretched rigid limbs, cleaving the air for 16 or 18 feet from off a grassy bank, straight as an arrow, cutting the water at a correct angle with the forehead, and instantly reappearing before the splash has descended. It sets the crown upon all the graces of the swimmer. The standing header is taken thus:—The body is held quite erect, and the feet are planted close together, with the toes well over the brink. The hands are swung past the sides, to preserve the balance, and when the spring is given from both feet at once, as in a standing jump, the head is thrown foremost, and the feet up into the air, but kept quite together, so that the balls of the great toes touch till they have disappeared below; the whole body is in a stiff, straight line, but the hands, while in the air, are brought forward to the front on each side of the head, but not joined, as if to cleave the way into the fluid like a double coultar. The water should be struck by the forehead bone just below the hair, and the angle at which it is struck should be less than half a right angle, or from 35 to 40 degrees. Then recovery upwards is rapid, and the appearance of the whole graceful. But there are other reasons, in addition to the beauty of the motion, why headers should be practised at a small angle with the water. The blow on the head is much more severe when given on the top of the skull, but when right ly met on the forehead or "header bone," as it has been termed, it is scarcely sensible. Then, again, it is safer at moderate depths to do as recommended; the more perpendicular the jump is the deeper will the body sink, and very dangerous accidents have occurred in our knowledge from that clumsy kind of indiscriminate flop, when the body turns over, and the feet are opened wide like scissors. By practice, exceedingly shallow headers can be managed, an acquisition we strongly advocate—first, because the bather can nearly always jump instead of "sneaking," i. e., walking into shallow water, and he can with safety plunge in when the bottom cannot be seen or is unknown. Secondly, in the case of being called to assist one drowning, he can save several precious seconds by instantaneously regaining the surface. We have seen this useful art brought to such perfection by a grown man, that he could jump into less than two feet of water without touching the bottom, and so rapidly turn after striking the water that the very topmost part of his head remained dry; the instant he touched water he turned on his forehead as on a pivot. How disgusting it is to walk in on soft bottom, or in jumping to run the hands into mud! but it is quite possible to use shallow and muddy-bottomed waters without any unpleasantness, by a due skillful use of the header jump.

In a speed race beginning from the bank, such great quickness would be equivalent to six or eight feet gained in starting. But the most decisive advantage of this header we ever saw was exhibited among a party of bathers upon a very rapid river. Only two proposed to swim across; but the first took a bad header, and was so long in coming up that he was already half-way down to a rapid, which, foaming just below, threatened maceration among the rocks. Those on the bank, seeing his danger, succeeded by shouts in turning him back towards the shore he had left. The second, recovering the top in a moment, swam across with ease.

The running header is much more difficult. It is taken

at full speed off one foot, as in a running leap, and in the air the body has to be composed so as to fall at the proper inclination and with symmetry; any irregularity destroys its beauty. A grassy bank, perpendicular to the stream, and some four feet high, is about the best ground for a running header. Dr. Selwyn was a perfect master of this accomplishment, and became quite a model to aspirants in that way. Here are some of his feats when a private tutor. There was a thornbush overhanging a river of such dimensions that no one could clear it by jumping feet foremost; he therefore went at it with his head, throwing himself in a long curve clean over, and alighting from a height of at least ten feet in the perfectly composed and graceful attitude always preserved in his headers. It is related of him that when going down in a swamped boat he would not allow his feet to be first wetted, but balancing himself on the gunwale, took a dexterous header before the boat disappeared. A painter who witnessed it sketched him falling in, like Ulysses from his raft, also disdaining to be swept off, but anticipating his ducking by a voluntary entrance, *secundum artem*, when, as Homer has it

"Headlong he smote the sea, with outstretched hands,  
Eager to swim."

An extraordinary performance of his was to run upon a narrow beam projecting from a tall post, at right angles with the ladder, and running in a line from below the fall up to it, at which point he cleared a stout cross bar, at least a yard high, and alighted head foremost, in the river above the lasher; here he turned round and swam down over the fall into the rush of the pool from which the high post had been ascended. We are not advocates for lofty headers, say above six feet; the skull is not an organ to trifle with. All those feats of jumping off bridges and the like are silly exhibitions.

## FEMALE HEROISM.

The extreme seclusion in which the fair sex are at present kept by the Asiatics, was not so in the early period of Mahometanism, nor previous to it, as appears from an anecdote of female heroism, and of conjugal devotedness, which took place at the siege of Damascus, six years after the death of the Prophet, whose followers, by a close investiture, had reduced the garrison and people to the utmost extremity. In consequence of this, a sortie of all capable of bearing arms, took place, under the personal command of the Greek governor, when the wife of one of the chiefs determined on accompanying her husband. The Mahometans, with their customary cunning, pretended to be struck with a sudden panic, and assumed the appearance of a hasty and disorderly flight, so as to lead on the garrison beyond the limits of safety, when the Arabs, instantly forming on all sides, took their assailants by surprise, whilst in all the confusion of a supposed pursuit.

The resistance of the Greeks was, nevertheless, worthy of their valor; but in the course of the action, whilst the chief, whose wife still accompanied him, was performing prodigies of valor, the splendor of his dress and armor excited the cupidity of a powerful Arabian, named Seffwan, who rushed into the thickest of the battle, and having, with his mace, felled the Greek to the ground, instantly dispatched him. Enraged with horror and despair, the unhappy fair one seized upon a weapon, and assailed the slayer of her husband with a degree of active resolution, that at first astonished the enthusiastic savage; but even his generosity prevailed over the ruthless ardor of battle, and recoiling from the dishonor of embracing his hands in the blood of a female, he merely parried her assaults, which continued for some time with extraordinary vehemence, cautiously avoiding to wound, but endeavoring to terrify his fair and frail antagonist. It was not, however, until she was nearly surrounded by the enemy, during the retreat of her discomfited friends, that she attempted to retire from the fight, when she unwillingly sought shelter with them within the walls of the city; but finally to perish, when a party of besiegers, under the command of Khaled, the fierce and inexorable, stormed the walls, even during a pending capitulation, and sacked the city with indiscriminate slaughter.

## BREVITY OF LIFE.

Man's life's a vapor,  
And full of woes;  
He cuts a caper,  
And down he goes.

A WARNING TO THOUGHTLESS JESTERS.—There is now in the New Bedlam, London, a man who was driven mad by being suddenly startled:—"As he was one morning crossing his father's fields, on his way to his usual labors, cheerful and guardless, an intimate rustic acquaintance saw him coming, knew his simplicity, and, in a mere frolic, stepped aside and concealed himself behind a bush until he came up, when he suddenly rushed upon him with a loud shout. He was so astounded by the shock, that he was struck almost senseless; he staggered, fell, and fainted away. The current of his blood seemed for some time arrested, and his pulsation ceased. He was taken up and conveyed home; delirium ensued; and confirmed madness followed, which has ever since continued without abatement, to a degree not only pitiable, but dangerous to all who approach him. His propensities are fierce and vicious; he tries to kick at all who come near him, and even to bite at them, with all the rabid fury of an enraged dog. In this manner he continually snaps at all who pass him. He seizes and tears rags, blankets, his own clothes, and anything within his reach; in this state, of course, he is not suffered to have intercourse among the other patients, but is fastened to the coal chest in the basement gallery. His malady has shown no signs of abatement since he came in and probably he may never recover his reason. He appears quite unconscious of his situation, or of the place where he is, nor does he seem to feel his confinement irksome; his only object seems to be, watching for the approach of any one whom he may attack. Such, in his case, are the miserable effects of a practical joke, which must embitter for life the feelings of the unthinking author, as well as those of the unfortunate young man's family."

THEATRICAL BILL.—At a play acted in 1511, on the feast of St. Margaret, the following disbursements were made as the charges of the exhibition:—

To musicians for which, however, they were bound £ s d  
to perform three nights. . . . . 0 5 6  
For players, in bread and ale. . . . . 0 3 1  
For decorations, dresses, and play books. . . . . 1 0 0  
To John Hobbs, priest, and author of the piece. . . . . 0 2 8  
For the place in which the representation was held 0 1 0  
For furniture. . . . . 0 1 4  
For fish and bread. . . . . 0 0 4  
For painting three phantoms and devils. . . . . 0 0 6  
And for four chickens for the hero. . . . . 0 0 4

INSCRIPTION OVER THE DOOR OF A HOUSE IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN DORSETSHIRE.—John Gibbins, tailor, schoolmaster, and a tinner. I also keep a journeyman to all sorts of blacksmiths' and carpenters' work, and to hang church bells. Any gentleman as bespeaks a coat may have it on Friday or Saturday, without fail. N.B.—It is rumored that I intend to leave off business on account of my being elected churchwarden—I hope my friends will not give ear to such bloodthirsty reports — by their humble servant,  
JOHN GIBBINS.

PRECAUTION.—As a clergyman was burying a corpse, an Irish woman came, and pulled him by the sleeve in the middle of the service. "Sir, Sir, I wish to speak with you." "Prithee, wait, woman, till I have done." "No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately." "Well, then, what is the matter?" "Why, Sir, you are after burying a man who died of the small-pox near my poor husband, who never had it."

DEFINITION.—"A coffin," said my honest Hibernian neighbor, "is the house that a dead man lives in."

EFFECTS OF FEAR.—I once read a most horrible story of some French travellers who attempted to explore the vaults of the Egyptian pyramids, which revives some of those terrifying obstructions we sometimes meet with in disturbed dreams. Those persons had already traversed an extensive labyrinth of chambers and passages; they were on their return, and had arrived at the most difficult part of it—a very long and winding passage, forming a communication between two chambers. Its opening was narrow and low; the ruggedness of the floor, sides, and roof, rendered their progress slow and laborious—and these difficulties increased rapidly as they advanced. The torch with which they had entered became useless, from the impossibility of holding it upright, as the passage diminished its height. Both its height and width at length, however, became so much contracted that the party was compelled to crawl on their bellies. Their wanderings in these interminable passages (for such, in their fatigue of body and mind, they deemed them) seemed to be endless. Their alarm was already great, and their patience exhausted, when the headmost of the party cried out that he could discern the light at the exit of the passage, at a considerable distance ahead, but that he could not advance any farther, and that, in his efforts to press on, in hopes to surmount the obstacle without complaining, he had squeezed himself so far into the reduced opening, that he had now no longer sufficient strength even to recede! The situation of the whole party may be imagined: their terror was beyond power of direction or advice; while the wretched leader, whether from terror or the natural effect of his situation, swelled, so that if it was before difficult, it was now impossible for him to stir from the spot he thus miserably occupied. One of the party, at this dreadful and critical moment, proposed, in the intense selfishness to which the feeling of vital danger reduces all, as the only means of escape from this horrible confinement—this living grave—to cut in pieces the wretched being who formed the obstruction, and clear it by dragging the dismembered carcase, piece-meal, past them! He heard this dreadful proposal, and contracting himself with agony at the idea of this death, was reduced by a strong muscular spasm to his usual dimensions, and was dragged out, affording room for the party to squeeze themselves past over his prostrate body. The unhappy creature was suffocated in the effort, and was left behind a corpse!

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